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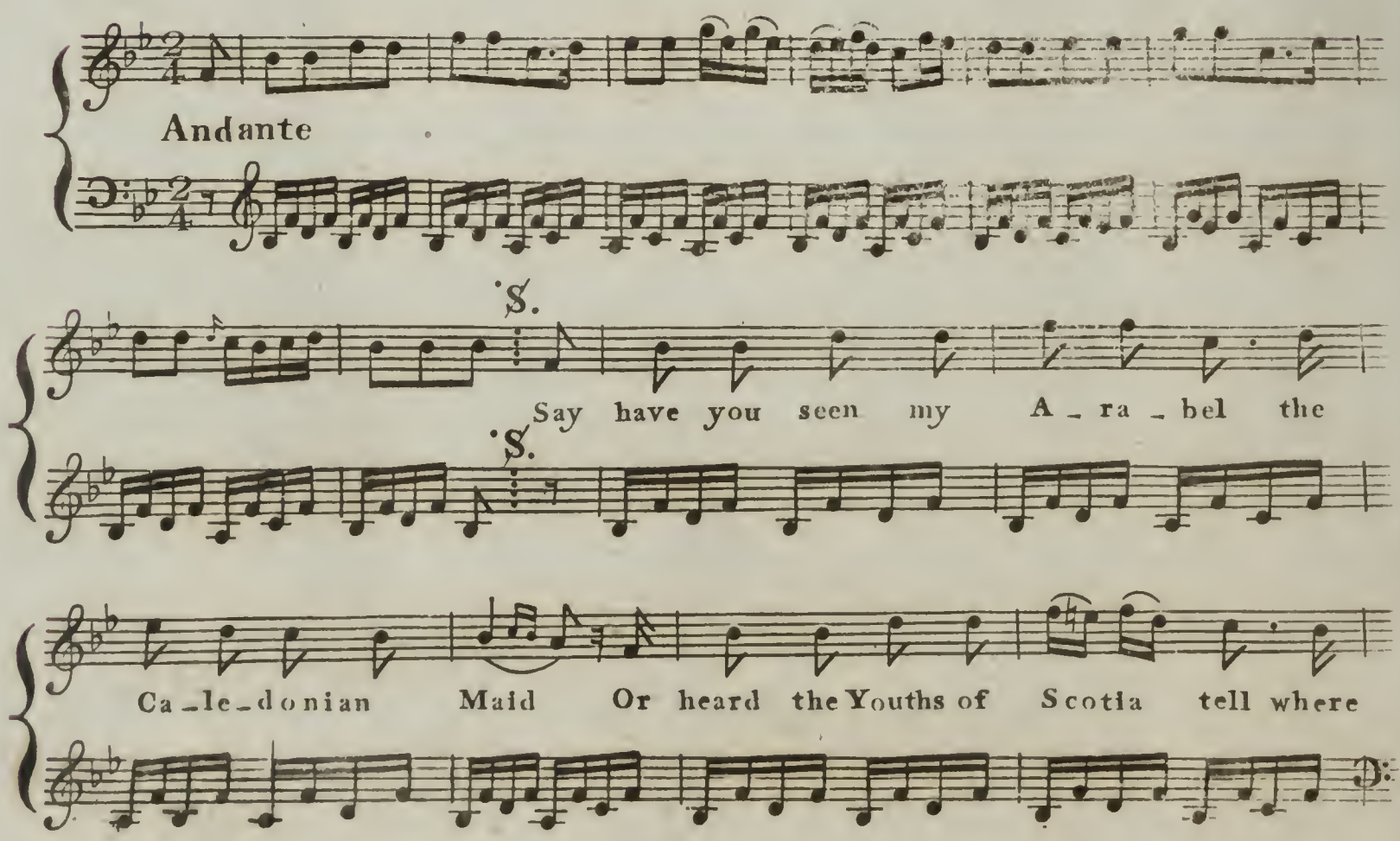

A_rabel is stray'd Sy The

damsel is of An_gel mien with sad & downcast Eyes the pp

Shepherd call her Sorrows Queen so pensive_ly she Sighs. Sy

2

But why those Sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her Tears so flow,
In vain they press the lovely Girl,
The Inmate cause to know,
Eer Reason form'd her tender mind,
The Virgin learnt to Love,
Compassion taught her to be kind,
Deceit she was above.

3

And had not Wars terriffic Voice,
Forbid the nuptial bands,
E'er now had Sandy been her choice,
And Hymen join'd our hands,
But since the Sword of War is sheath'd,
And Peace resumes her Charms,
My evry Joy is now bequeath'd,
To ARABELLA'S Arms.

For the Flute or Guittar

Say have you seen my A_ra_ble the Ca_le_donian Maid Or heard the Youths of

Scotia tell where A_rable is stray'd The Damsel is of Angle mien with

sad & downcast Eyes the Shepherds call her Sorrows Queen so pensively she Sighs.

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